WARNER BROS.
present

John Barrymore

in

"When a Man Loves"

with

Dolores Costello

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

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JOHN BARRYMORE

in

"When A Man Loves"

with

DOLORES COSTELLO

Written for the screen by Bess Meredyth — Directed by Alan Crosland

THE PLAYERS

FABIEN DES GRIEUX	JOHN BARRYMORE	Baron Chevral	Templar Saxe
MANON LESCAUT	DOLORES COSTELLO	Landlady	Eugenie Besserer
Comte De Ravoir	Sam De Grasse	Nana	Rose Dione
Jean Tiberge	Holmes Herbert	Richelieu	Bertram Grasby
Andre Lescaut	Warner Oland	Apache	Noble Johnson
Marie	Marcelle Corday	King	Stuart Holmes
Lay Brother	Charles Clary	Captain of the Boat	Tom Santschi
		Convict on Boat	Tom Wilson

Produced under the personal supervision of J. L. Warner

Assistant Director: Gordon Hollingshead — Photography by Byron Haskins — Art Director: Ben Carre — Edited by Harold McCord

Titles by Don Ryan — Electrical effects by F. N. Murphy — Art Titles by Victor Vance

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

Characteristic Poses of

JOHN BARRYMORE

as 'Fabien' in "WHEN A MAN LOVES"

JOHN BARRYMORE

The Greatest Lover of the Screen

GREATEST Lover of Them All—John Barrymore! The millions of men and women of all ages and stations in life that throng the theatres at which he appears in Warner Brothers pictures, have so elected him. John Barrymore's impersonations of the Great Lovers are of unflagging and universal appeal. He is the symbol of quenchless desire, of the love that gains increase of appetite from what it feeds upon. He is the sort of lover all men want to be, and all women want!

By a magic all his own, he awakens sleeping fires, stirs flickering embers to flame, arouses primitive longings, fills hearts with the ardor of the quest that began in Eden and ends not even with death—the insatiable yearning of man for woman, of woman for man. Even as Antony forgot Rome in the arms of Cleopatra, as Juliet cast family hatreds to the winds for the kisses of Romeo—men and women, in the glamorous presence of Barrymore, eagerly slip from the humdrum world of barter and gain into the Dream World of Romance.

John Barrymore has been crowned the Greatest Lover of the Screen through his recent appearances in a series of Warner Bros. photoplays: "The Sea Beast," an epic of mighty passions and glorious heroism; "Don Juan," incarnation of pagan raptures—and "When a Man Loves," idyll of the divine passion! *Fabien* and *Manon!* Radiant, erring, immortal lovers!

What a *Fabien* is John Barrymore! So piercingly tender is his love, so breathless with passion and regret, so tragic in its implications, so aching with the transports and tortures of love. *Fabien*, the slim, comely, brooding, unworldly youth, who has decided to satisfy the hungerings of body and soul with the bread and wine of prayer, a novice even now on his way to gray St. Sulpice to finish his priestly studies. Spiritual, luminous *Fabien!*

And then the girl! And it is Spring! The girl, nunlike, shimmering, tender as the drifting petals! Boy and girl gaze into each other's eyes, spellbound, enchanted! Heaven? Heaven was here, but now! On the ivied balcony, across the court, he sees the girl, timid, wistful, the doves fluttering about her! The sacred medal falls from his trembling fingers! Baffled, he stands! The love of heaven—the love of earth—which? *Fabien* is as a reed shaken by the winds!

Then, from beyond the window, murmuring voices! They are speaking of her! They are bargaining for her soul! She must be saved! Barrymore's *Fabien* is no longer the reed in the wind! He is a sword! A flame! Up to her balcony! A whispered word! A coach! They are away! Whirling away toward Paris under the blossoming trees! Paris ahead and love! *Fabien* is exquisitely tender now, sheltering, half-fearing! Two children whirling away toward mocking, glittering Paris!

Rainy Paris streets! Steep stone stairs to an attic with windows toward the sky! Clouds, wild winds, lightning, the crash of thunder! She is in *Fabien's* arms now, a frightened child, and yet—a woman! Heart beats against heart! Young lips meet in delirious ecstasy! The storm passes! The moon now, and flying clouds! What matters poverty! What matters anything but love—and *Manon!* Love and youth—and *Fabien!*

Golden days in the Paris attic, weeks of gold, months! And then for *Fabien*, desolation, frenzy! *Manon* is gone! Like a madman he calls, searches, prays! Into the dens of the underworld! Drink for forgetfulness! Gaming for excitement! Luck is his—his winnings are fabulous! But always his heart is crying for *Manon!* And then he knows! Foul lips sneer her name! She has become a Pompadour—a Du Barry—a courtesan! Hard, cynical, cruel, *Fabien* becomes the feared and courted *Chevalier des Grieux*—what a Barrymore portrait! Barrymore magician—master of strange enchantments! The world of reality seems vaguely beautiful! Life has taken on a new incredible zest in living an evening with the greatest of all lovers!

The public is always the court of last appeal, the high tribunal which renders final decision. The public elects John Barrymore—Greatest Lover of Them All!

Studies of
DOLORES COSTELLO
as 'Manon' in "WHEN A MAN LOVES"

DOLORES COSTELLO

The Beloved of All Lovers

MANY women have beauty, but few radiate a loveliness to stir the hearts of all men. Few possess the vibrant harmony to awaken all masculine desire, with its nuances of passion, tenderness, worship and adulation. Yet, in every generation, there are a solitary few who reach the far-flung pinnacle that represents Womanhood Incarnate —and such a one is Dolores Costello.

Dolores Costello, who now stands high in screendom's innermost temple, has reached the heights because she has been chosen. Chosen, not by producers, directors or those concerned in the making of motion pictures, but by the multitude that painstakingly selects its goddess and then prostrates itself before that deity, lavishing admiration for her beauty, devotion for her charm, loyalty for her achievements, and surpassing love for the transcendent quality of her lovableness.

When the masses worship, they are jealous of every breath that ripples the mobility of the face, the form, the soul, the heart, the being of their beloved. They offer without stint of their affection—the goddess must recompense them with perfection. Dolores Costello, in the rare loveliness of herself and her art, gives generously to the public the full sum of her accomplishment.

Wistful, ethereal as a dream, Dolores was a vision to remember in "The Sea Beast." There was in her portrayal of *Esther*, the missionary's daughter, the lingering fragrance of crushed lavender. She was the image that lives in the heart of every man, the haven he seeks when the blows of the world fall heavy upon his soul. All these and more did the silver-and-primrose-tinted *Esther* give to the fierce, powerful *Ahab* characterized by John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast."

Crimson now is Dolores Costello in "When a Man Loves," where she was primrose before. The crimson that stains a woman's mouth in the color of allure and leaves her body a magnet that draws every vagrant desire with promise of fulfillment. Vivid as a peony in the breeze—brilliant as a flying banner of triumph—intoxicating as amber wines of pagan days—such is the portrayal of Dolores Costello as *Manon*, the adored of the French court and all therein.

Woven in with the crimson, a flashing strip of pure gold, a dash of purple as regal as Dolores herself. From the palette of her art stream colors that create a *Manon* of fire—a creature of seduction. Her body moves, a slender, curving temptation from which no man can turn away. Her eyes promise—without measure. They lay a caress on the heart of a man and raise him to the heights of longing, with visions of bliss that enslave him forever in adoration.

In the flaming beauty with which she clothes *Manon*, the beloved of *Fabien des Grieux* (played by John Barrymore), Dolores Costello is a challenge to love and all who worship at the altar of Romance. Consumed by a passionate devotion to *Fabien*, the nobleman who forswears the church so that he may give his life together with his heart to the woman he loves, *Manon* pours her soul, her beauty, her all, into that one great emotion which lives a glorious, magnificent love.

Incandescent as a ruby flashing in the sun, *Manon* maddened the nobles of the French court who strove to grasp her. Their covetous hands shook to caress her—their hearts to possess her —but in vain. *Manon* lived for *Fabien* only.

A creature to inflame the heart of any man is *Manon*, and in her characterization Dolores Costello has created a role unlike any other she has played during her screen career, a career which is an amazing tale of a movie Cinderella, shod in the glass slippers of success won in half a dozen roles. But the most exquisite embodiment of herself and her art is as *Manon*, the ravishing heroine of a haunting romance.

As *Manon*, Dolores is the lyre of love for the heart of man.

The STORY of

"SPRINGTIME in Picardy, thou small one! Spring!" The radiant girl held the kitten at arm's length and then pressed its beribboned fluffiness to her cheek, gazing out over the green fields, as the blundering old coach creaked and swayed along the road to Amiens, through the windy morning. The small one, held close to her mistress' breast purred softly, as though echoing her words, "Spring! Spring! Manon, my beautiful!" And both were right. It was indeed the Spring and Louis XV still on the throne of France. Not that Seasons nor Sovereigns either, had anything to do with it—for had the drifting flakes been snow instead of petals, had gray clouds hidden the azure skies, had no bright wings flashed across them, nor song flooded them, it must still have been the Spring! Whoever, with blood not altogether frozen, looked into the flowerlike face of Manon, must have forgotten the very existence of Winter, finding April there! For Manon's was the April soul, and all the wonder, the wilfulness and the wistfulness was mirrored in her face. Yet, the two men who shared the jolting seat with her were blind to the glory of it.

The dissipated young officer of the King's Guard was her brother Andre who grudged the time spent on her and the other was a gouty follower of King Louis XV, who was casting sidewise glances at the fluttering garments which so tantalizingly hid and revealed the loveliness of the girl. Whips crack. Bugles blow. Beyond the window she sees the far-off cathedral. The quiet Somme with its many canals, glints in the sun. She things pathetically of the dear world she is so soon to leave.

"Paris, Mademoiselle?" inquires the older man.

"The convent, Monsieur."

"You are happy to go?"

"My brother thinks it best."

Andre wakened with a start. The old man, Compte de Revoir, introduced himself, remarking that it was a pity that such beauty should be hid in a dim convent. "Beauty needs fair gold to adorn it," sighed Andre significantly. The old man flashed his jeweled hands, and a knowing glance passed between the two men.

In the courtyard of the inn at Amiens a company of divinity students awaited the arrival of the coach and among them the young Fabien, Chevalier des Grieux. His spiritual adviser had just given him a sacred medal at which he was gazing raptly. He, like the others, was on his way to St. Sulpice to finish his priestly studies.

With a blare of bugles the coach drew into the courtyard and Fabien dimly noticed two men helping a young woman from it. He hardly distinguished her from his dreams, until she paused, breathless with admiration before him. Fabien's dark face paled. The girl tried to speak but no word came. Her eyes filled with tears. The priest called that the coach was starting and the girl went into the inn. But Fabien stood spellbound till the conveyance had gone. The priest shrugged good-naturedly. Fabien mused.

Leaning against the inn wall, he heard the two men plotting to sell the girl Her brother was to receive a fee from the ancient follower of the King. Fabien was about to call her, when she came to the balcony above. He motioned her to his side. Told her the danger. The two scurried into a waiting carriage and were off toward Paris.

At last Paris, the crowds, the bells chiming, then a sudden rain. They stand in a doorway, when an enterprizing old lady tells of her wonderful skylight room.

"You seek lodgings, my children?" I have such a sweet room—overlooking all Paris. You shall see?" The gaunt maid with the pouting eyes and lips takes them up flight after stone flight. Runaway lovers, eh? She greedily drinks in their beauty. The young man, so handsome, so diffident. The young lady like white narcissus, like pink hyacinths. Now they are alone. The windows are wide and the white curtains blowing. There is the tiny hearth waiting for the fire. The shelves with the crockery. The deep chair by the window. All the sky dark now with another storm. The canopied alcove. Now must the young man go below to the shop for a crusty loaf, for the red wine. No, she will not be afraid. She will wait. He is gone. It will rain again. Lightning flares across the room. It was a long ride from Amiens. So weary. Just to lie down and rest for a moment. So lovely everything. Springtime, too. So tired . . . so tire . . . so ti . . .

When he returns, all drenched, she is sleeping. Her bright hair makes a halo about her on the white pillow. This he can see when the lightning flashes. He bends over her. Gazes long. Turns away trembling. Sits in the chair she calls his chair. Now the crash of thunder. Lightning. Rain. She is in his

"When A Man Loves"

arms. Frightened. Frightened. "Do you . . . love me . . . Fabien?" The storm passes. The stars look in. "Always, Manon, always." "Nothing shall part us . . . not even death . . . Fabien."

Their garret room which looked toward the sky was made spacious by it and by love. Weeks passed. Then came Andre, to tell Manon that she had made an outcast of Fabien, that his father has cast him off and that the police were pursuing him. Believing this ruse, she went with Andre who at once took her to the home of the old Compte de Revoir.

Escaping, Manon rushes homeward but is captured by an apache who drags her into his underground dive, where she is rescued by Andre, who again takes her to the Compte, whose mistress she is compelled to become.

Weeks and months pass. Fabien still searches. Whispered word comes that she is the mistress of de Revoir. This Fabien's sword avenges. Then comes the day when he sees her enter a fashionable salon on the arm of the aged nobleman. Fabien had been playing feverishly. His winnings were piled before him in a golden horde. Turning he beheld Manon—velvet-clad, resplendent as the sun. Fabien's eyes glared with maniacal rage. His fists were clenched. Then catching up the gold, he flung it in her face, handful after handful. He rushed from the place, hating God and man. No. Not God. God who had been his refuge. Shadow of a rock in a weary land. He will go back to Him. From Notre Dame the organ is pealing. Over the ancient floor flicker lights crimson, purple, golden. Incense rises like prayer. Far, dim, above the altar, a blood-red quivering light is burning. It is the symbol of the changeless mercy. Fabien kneels. Faint, hungering, the old words breathe from his lips, "*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. . . .*"

A fluttering, as of wings, is above him. Shadows of fluttering wings over the crimson and the purple. A voice which is a sigh, a sweet remembered voice whispers his name. A veiled head bows beside him in the golden dimness. "Fabien, forgive, forgive. It was not my will, Fabien. The world, I fear it, Fabien. Save me from the world." Silence. The quivering light, blood-red, over the altar. Like a sigh "Fabien . . . you are all . . . I have. . . ." The two pass together into the twilight.

The world had had its way with Fabien. With Manon. How very far away the care-free days seemed. The days of the attic. And the "little one." Is he not the Chevalier des Grieux. Is his noble father's credit not worth using? Shall not Manon have the splendor, the silks, the jewels? His adored one shall know the splendor, the glamor, the pomp and circumstance of the Court. All. And so they experienced it all. Had the gold and the glory. But sometimes they wondered at the absence of the old joy. "The attic windows opened toward the sky, Fabien. Do you remember the pigeons with the rainbow light on their crests . . . pigeons sharing our crumbs? It was Spring then, Fabien. . . ."

Richelieu's drawing room. King Louis there. Du Barry there. All the fawning ones. The peacock ladies. The gold-laced gentlemen. Then breathless silence. Manon enters on the arm of Fabien. Manon whose beauty is the toast of Paris, even of Louis, whose sagging lids are blinking at her even now. Shall this paltry Chevalier possess the star among women? He chuckles with a brilliant thought. He will challenge Fabien to a game of cards, Manon to be the prize.

Breathless, terrified, Manon watches the game. Her heart cries, "Courage, Fabien. Let me not lose you again." Jeweled fans wave lightly. Snuff is daintily taken. Who wins? Dare a subject outplay his king? The King wins. Bravo. Long live the King!

Only the hunt fully arouses the interest of Louis. Even now his ardor wanes. He graciously presents Manon to his faithful retainer, the Compte de Revoir. The Compte, trembling with ineffectual passion, entreats Manon to go with him. Her white rage stings him like blows of a whip. Louis beckons, whispers, shrugging his great shoulders. "To the prison ship with her. She shall be deported to the American wilderness—with other women of her kind." Fabien's sword leaps from its scabbard. He is overpowered while the weeping Manon is led away by gendarmes.

Fabien, sentenced to the Bastille, by strategy gets into the august presence of the Compte de Revoir. His plea for Manon futile, he crosses swords with his enemy and leaves him dead. Rushing into the street, he leaps to the tumbrel which is bearing Manon, with bedraggled women of the streets, to the prison ship, bound for Louisiana. On board the ship, chained together like animals, their flesh cruelly lacerated, these women, themselves without hope, fight to shield Manon from the captain who desires her. Fabien trying vainly to help her is hurled into the foul convict cage, where, seething with hatred, he stirs them to revolt. Like jibbering madmen they climb the walls, twisting the iron bars as though they were but saplings, and with the blind fury of the hurricane, burst upon captain and crew.

While the battle rages on the swaying deck, Fabien bears Manon to the boat which he lowers to the sea. Rowing with the strength of ten he urges the skiff across the dark waters. The keel grates on the sand. "All for me, Fabien," Manon sighs. "For me you have suffered, suffered." He draws her to him with ineffable tenderness. "What matters suffering, Manon, when a man loves. . . ."

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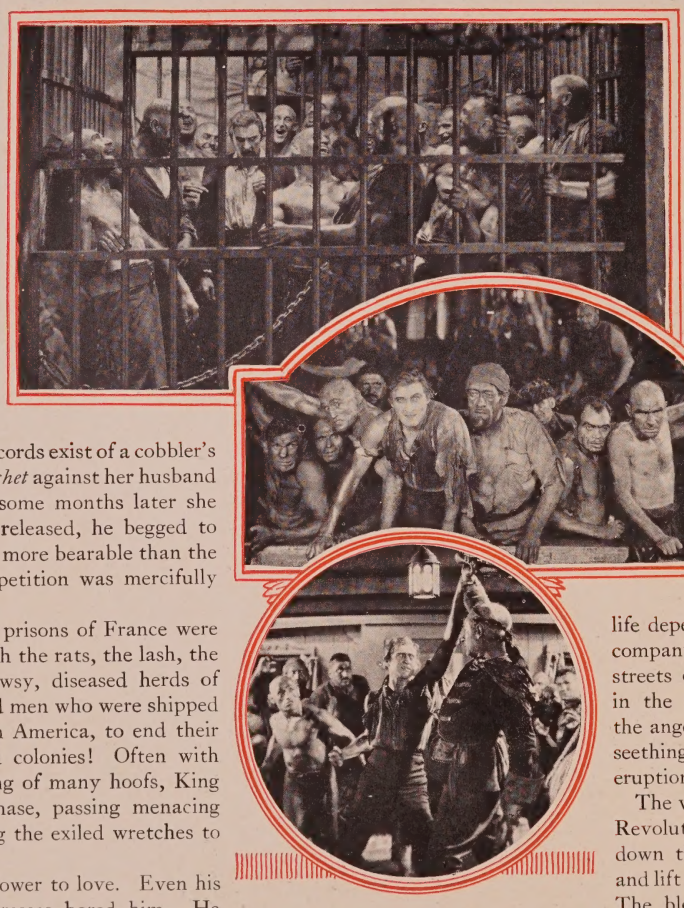
The CAMERA STORY of "WHEN A MAN LOVES"

The CRUELTIES of the GOLDEN AGE

CRUELTY reigned supreme in the days when Manon Lescaut lived. It is said that more Frenchmen died of want within the two years preceding 1740 than were killed in all the wars of Louis XIV. The people lived in misery, persecuted rather than prosecuted by intolerable laws.

Among the horrors of the age were the *lettres de cachet*, orders supposed to issue from the King, by which any person might be arrested without formal charges and confined indefinitely, without examination, in the dungeons of the Bastille! Arrests were made on the flimsiest pretext! A son threatens to disgrace the family, a daughter has a sweetheart displeasing to her parents —into prison with them! Records exist of a cobbler's wife who got out a *lettre de cachet* against her husband for not loving her! When some months later she came to prison to get him released, he begged to remain, deeming any torture more bearable than the tongue of the shrew! His petition was mercifully granted!



More loathsome than the prisons of France were the fiendish prison-ships, with the rats, the lash, the ball-and-chain, and the blowsy, diseased herds of outcast women and depraved men who were shipped to the French possessions in America, to end their wretched lives in the penal colonies! Often with blare of bugles and clattering of many hoofs, King Louis would ride to the chase, passing menacing crowds and tumbrels bearing the exiled wretches to their doom!

Louis was devoid of the power to love. Even his perfumed and jeweled mistresses bored him. He loved only to kill! Laws protecting royal game were of increasing severity! Royal game preserves were enlarged! In thirty years Louis is said to have shot six thousand four hundred stags, and pheasants innumerable! Disease might infest the crowded hovels of the poor! Death might visit the wretched! What matter to the King! Only one thing fretted him, the world beyond! He feared hell!

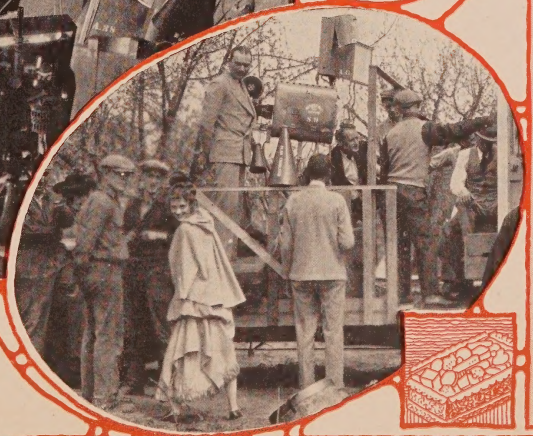
The masses of the poor might suffer but at the Courts in Paris or Versailles scenes of unparalleled splendor were daily enacted. The great gallery would be lighted with thousands of wax candles! Men, colorfully dressed with ruffles and laces and gorgeous decorations, dallied with dazzling ladies in powdered wigs and hoop skirts!

Glittering, beautiful ladies! Voluptuous music flooded the vast rooms and the halls, where eager throngs waited admittance!

In the center of the room sat Louis, playing at lansquenet, while the effeminate and obsequious Duke of Luxembourg stood behind his chair, and Madame Du Barry, scintillating, seductive, sat gazing at him with a depth of attention which might have indicated all-absorbing love, but did not! The Queen, too, gambled but at her own table, and solemnly, as if her life depended on it! A resplendent company! And everywhere, in the streets of Paris, on the farms and in the dives of the underworld—the anger of the people—brewing—seething—waiting for the moment of eruption Like Etna. Like Vesuvius.

The way was being paved for the Revolution which was to bring down the mighty from their seats and lift up the humble and the weak. The blood of the martyrs, it has been said, is the seed of revolution. Always with the evil in a man lives the good. And in spite of man's inhumanity to man, man's humanity to man, persists. It was a world in travail, an evil world about to give birth to a better.

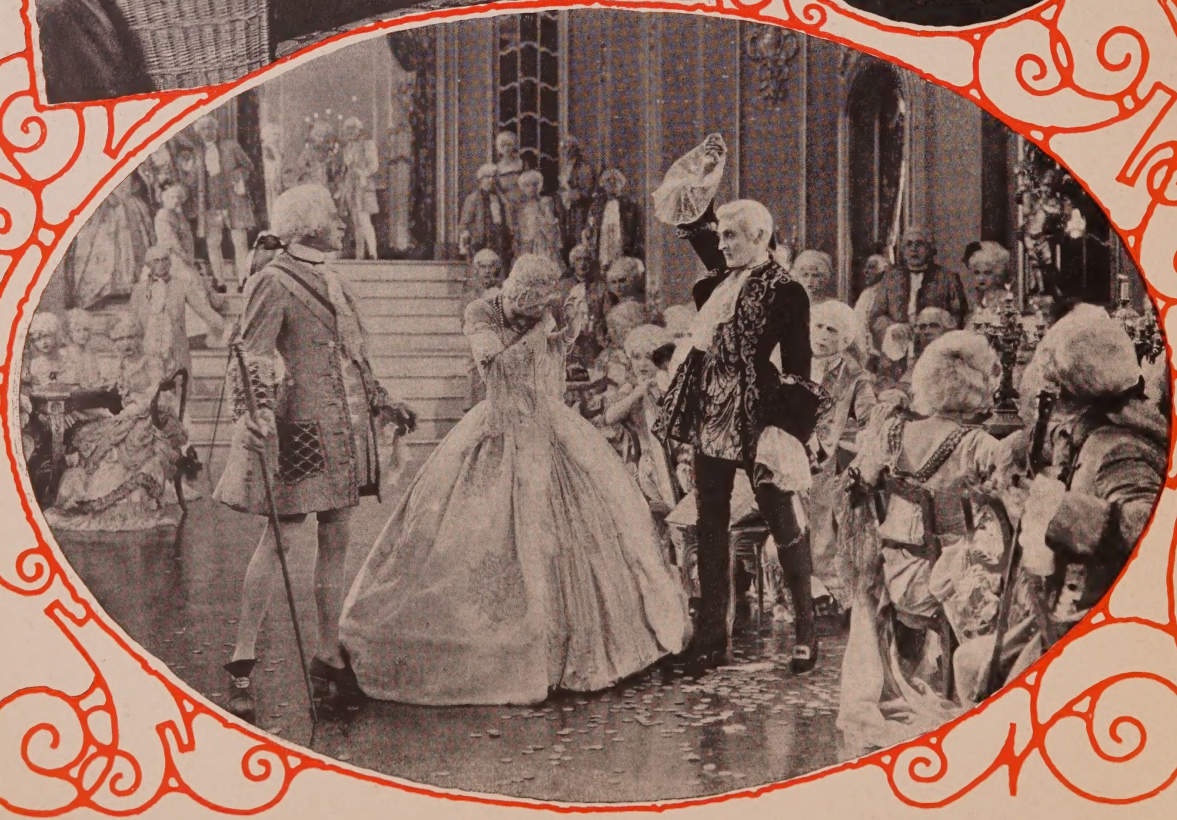
Into this world of heights and deeps, of incalculable riches and direst poverty, of learning and ignorance, of noble kindness and unspeakable cruelty, were swept the lovers, whose golden, tragic story is unfolded in Warmer Bros. film masterpiece, "WHEN A MAN LOVES."



On the Lot
On the Set
On the Scene

TAKING motion pictures is not all hard work. There are moments of play. In the upper oval on the left is shown John Barrymore and Dolores Costello resting between scenes. To the right is Lionel Barrymore on a visit to his brother, John. Between the famous brothers is Alan Crosland, the director. In the center panel the actors are at leisure while the cameraman sets up. The crowded boat below is carrying paraphernalia for night work on board ship. In the oval is Miss Costello waiting for a call and explicit directions from the director.

SCENES YOU WILL NEVER FORGET



FROM "WHEN A MAN LOVES"

ART RESEARCH "WHEN A

PROBABLY few stories are more fascinating than how a great motion picture like "When A Man Loves" is made. In almost every art, the finished product is the work of one artist. The motion picture is the work of many. Before a single set was designed for "When A Man Loves," or a player chosen to support John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, the principals, research experts delved deeply into the history and literature of the Louis XV period, during which time the action is laid. Little wonder, then, that every detail of costume, manners, interiors, exteriors, lighting, incident, and so on, conforms to the originals with the utmost fidelity.

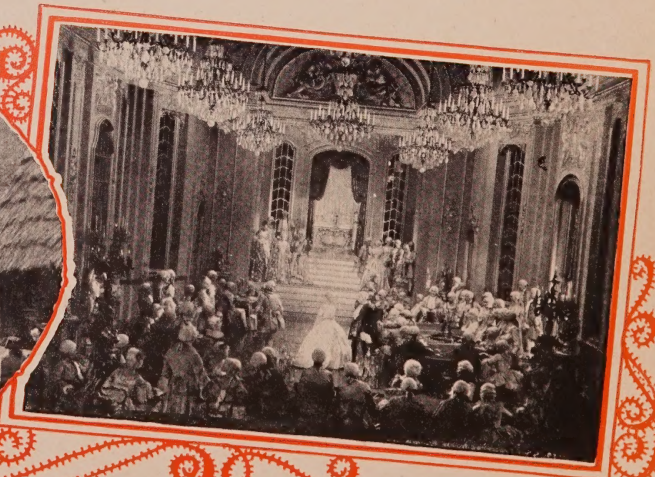
Preparatory work on "When A Man Loves" was a painstaking labor of months. Every fact that had any bearing on the picture, no matter how remote, was tabulated by Bess Meredyth, the talented Warner Bros. scenarist, who, it will be recalled, also wrote the continuity for "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan."

The costumes that grace the characters in the dramatic story are faithful reproductions of originals obtained from the French State Museum. Twenty-four costumes of the Louis XV period were borrowed from the French Government, Warner Bros. posting a bond of $24,000 as a guaranty for their safe return. The magnificent costume worn by the King in the gambling salon scenes is a replica of one of Louis XV's favorite outfits.

Street scenes and interiores shown in "When A Man Loves" were designed and executed by Ben Carré, art director at Warner Bros. West Coast Studios. Mr. Carré is a native of Paris whose artistic education in the French capital has made him thoroughly conversant with the various periods of French art. Not only were exteriors and interiors necessary as appropriate background for the action, but Warner Bros. went to the trouble and expense of building an entire picturesque little French village nestling among soft-contoured hills. Here sheep and cattle grazed in peace and contentment amid idyllic surroundings, while the story of *Manon*, the irresistible, and *Fabien* her lover, sped its way to a glorious climax.

Ben Carré, it should be mentioned in passing, also designed and executed the massive and artistic sets used in Warner Bros. "Don Juan," another Barrymore starring vehicle that has earned an enviable place for itself among the masterpieces of the screen.

The excellence of the photography in "When A Man Loves," the lighting and other scenic effects, no less than the superlative acting of the cast, have evoked the unbounded admiration of



PLAYED *in* FILMING "MAN LOVES"

both the public and the critics. So perfect is the photography that there is likelihood of the casual observer taking the camera effects for granted. The opening scenes—long shots of the countryside through which *Manon* is passing on her way to the inn where Destiny is to change the entire future course of her life—are like so many glimpses of rare, old Gobelin tapestry. Byron Haskins, the cinematographer, also served in a similar capacity in the filming of "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan."

Naturally, a controlling mind is neded to weld all these different entities into one homogeneous whole. In the case of "When A Man Loves," it was Alan Crosland, the noted director, whose genius also presided over the production of "Don Juan." Mr. Crosland is under a long-term contract to Warner Bros.

It becomes apparent, therefore, that the perfection achieved in "When A Man Loves" has been the result of careful planning and strict attention to detail. Old prints of the time of Louis XV—reproduced in these pages alongside photographs taken from the film—indicate graphically how closely the Warner Bros. production adheres to the spirit of the times. Furniture, costumes, settings, characters—all are perfect and in complete accord with the motivation of the story, whether the action takes place in the magnificent gambling salon, where fevered faces are bent over the roulette table, or in the apache dives and wayside inns, where the scum of Paris congregates.

Limitless pains taken in reproducing the convict ship scene and deportation incidents, cause these sequences to move along with breathless interest. Characterization throughout is no accident. Everyone of the players must know the character being portrayed else the interpretation would lack the divine spark that makes "When A Man Loves," the hauntingly beautiful and splendid production it is. So authenic is the atmosphere in which the characters play their parts, that the theatregoer loses himself as completely in the engrossing story as if he or she were taking part.

All the months of careful planning and preparation are justified by the screen jewel that is "When A Man Loves."

in "Bride of the Storm"

in "The Third Degree"

in "The Little Irish Girl"

in "The Sea Beast"

Dolores Costello

in roles that made her famous

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